§11. *Wandering and Hunting*

After a while I used to get into the habit of going to town. When I got there I would look into the barrels to see if there was any food in them and if there was I would fill my pockets with whatsoever I found. I used to steal a great deal.

About springtime we always moved away from the vicinity of the town. We always moved to the place where my father intended to trap, generally to the neighborhood of some farming community where there were few Indians. There my mother used to make baskets and sell them to the farmers. We also used to circulate a written petition asking for any help people cared to give us. Whenever they went on this kind of a trip I always went along with them, for sometimes people would take pity on us and give us some old clothes. Sometimes we would even get a good meal at some farmer's house. For these reasons I was always envious of those who went along on such journeys.

Occasionally when we got many provisions I had to carry some of them, but I never minded that. When the birds returned north father used to make us bows and arrows and we would then shoot at them and often kill many. We also used to kill squirrels which my grandmother roasted for us. My older brother was a